

An entirely New and Original Aesthetic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

# PATIENCE

OR,

## BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

WRITTEN BY

### W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

### ARTHUR SULLIVAN

*Authors of "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore,"  
"The Pirates of Penzance," &c., &c., &c.*

**AUTHORIZED COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.**

LONDON.

MESSRS. J. M. STODDART & Co. have purchased from us the exclusive authority to publish our Operas, "*Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*," and "*The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty*," in the United States of America. We hereby express the earnest wish that they may suffer no invasion of their rights as the sole publishers of our works, through any attempt to put upon the market unauthorized editions.

We make this request for the following reasons:—Firstly, because we are satisfied there exists a general desire on the part of the people of both countries to come to an agreement upon the question of an international copyright, affording compensation to authors in their literary and artistic productions; Secondly, because we are by this arrangement enabled to secure the publication of our work under our own personal supervision; and Thirdly, because by the present contract our publications will be wholly manufactured in the United States, and will be sold at as low a price, with the certainty of no work a circulation, as if they were issued by a number of rival and unauthorized persons.

W. S. GILBERT.  
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

First produced at the Opera Comique, London, on Saturday, 23rd April, 1881, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

## PATIENCE; or, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

COLONEL CALVERLEY	} ... .. Officers of Dragon Guards.
MAJOR MURKATROYD	
LEUT. THE DUKE OF DUNSTABLE	
REGINALD BUNTHORNE	
ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR	... .. A Fishy Post.
MR. BUNTHORNE'S SOLICITOR.	... .. An Idyllic Post.
CHORUS OF OFFICERS OF DRAGON GUARDS.	
THE LADY ANGELA	} ... .. Rapturous Maidens.
THE LADY SAPHIR	
THE LADY ELLA	
THE LADY JANE	
AND	
PATIENCE	... .. A Dairymaid
CHORUS OF RAPTUREOUS MAIDENS.	

ACT I.—Exterior of Castle Bunthorne.      ACT II.—A do.

### CONTENTS.

#### ACT I.

	Page		Page
OVERTURE	3	SOLO ( <i>Saphir</i> ). "Though so Exceedingly Wise"	37
CHORUS OF MAIDENS. "Twenty Lornick Maidens We"	9	SONG ( <i>Calverley</i> ). "When first I Put this Uniform on"	38
SOLO ( <i>Angela</i> ). "Love Feeds on Hope"	11	RECIT. AND SONG. "Am I Alone?"	40
SOLO ( <i>Ella</i> ). "Go, Breaking Heart"	12	( <i>Bunthorne</i> ). "If you're Anxious for to Shine"	43
RECITATIVE ( <i>Patience</i> ). "Still Brooding on their Mad Infatuation"	15	DUET ( <i>Patience and Angela</i> ). "Long Years Ago"	48
SONG ( <i>Patience</i> ). "I cannot Tell what this Love may Be"	17	DUET ( <i>Patience and Grosvenor</i> ). "Father, Pretty Maiden, Willow, Willow, Waly"	49
CHORUS OF DRAGOONS. "The Soldiers of our Queen"	21	CHORUS. "Let the Merry Cymbals Sound"	51
SOLO ( <i>Calverley</i> ). "If you Want a Receipt for that Popular Mystery"	23	CHORUS ( <i>Dragoons</i> ). "Now Tell us we Pray yes"	55
CHORUS ( <i>Angela, etc.</i> ). "In a Daftish Train"	25	SOLO ( <i>Duke</i> ). "Your Maiden Heart"	59
CHORUS ( <i>Dragoons</i> ). "Now, is not this Ridiculous?"	29	SOLO ( <i>Patience</i> ). "If there be Pardon in your Breast"	66
SOLO ( <i>Angela</i> ). Mystic Post, etc.	30	DUET ( <i>Patience and Bunthorne</i> ). "True Love must be Single-Hearted"	69
SOLO ( <i>Bunthorne</i> ). "Though my Book I Seem to Scorn"	31	SIXTEETH. "I Hear the Soft Note of the Echoing Voice"	71

#### ACT II.

	Page		Page
RECIT. AND SONG. "Sad is that Woman's Lot"	85	TRIO ( <i>Duke, Major, and Calverley</i> ). "It's Clear that Medieval Art"	101
( <i>Patience</i> ). "Sivered is the Raven Hair"	86	QUINTEETH ( <i>Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major, and Calverley</i> ). "If Night I Choose to Marry"	107
CHORUS OF MAIDENS. "Turn, oh Turn in this Direction"	88	DUET ( <i>Bunthorne and Grosvenor</i> ). "When I Go out of Doors"	116
SONG ( <i>Grosvenor</i> ). "A Magnet Hang in a Hardware-Shop"	90	CHORUS OF MAIDENS AND GROSVENOR. "I'm a Waterloo-House Young Man," etc.	121
SONG ( <i>Patience</i> ). "Love is a Platonic Song"	95	FEMALE. "After such Debate Intend"	122
DUET ( <i>Patience and Bunthorne</i> ). "So Go to Him and Say to Him"	97		

Mu 782-S

not acc.

# PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

Written by W. S. GILBERT

## OVERTURE.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Andrante.*

PIANO

Copyright, 1881, by J. M. STODDART & CO

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
GENERAL LIBRARY OF THE PERFORMING ARTS  
211 AMSTERDAM AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y. 10008

2372478

Allegro scherzo

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a quarter rest. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, with some chords and rests.

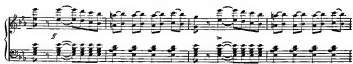
The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The upper staff shows more complex melodic lines with some grace notes, while the lower staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

The third system introduces some dynamic markings, including a *p* (piano) marking. The melodic line in the upper staff becomes more active with slurs and ties.

The fourth system continues the rhythmic and melodic flow. The lower staff has some longer note values and rests, providing a sense of breathing in the accompaniment.

The fifth system is characterized by dense textures. The lower staff features many chords and sixteenth-note patterns. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte).

The sixth system concludes the page with a variety of rhythmic and melodic elements. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like *f* and *p*.



First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff features a more complex accompaniment with some sixteenth-note patterns.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is present in the lower staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A *dim.* marking is present in the lower staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A *pp* (pianissimo) marking is present in the lower staff, followed by the instruction *piu e piu crescndo.*

Sixth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A *pp* marking is present in the lower staff.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. Dynamics include *f* and *pp*.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues the melodic line with slurs. The left hand maintains the chordal accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a wavy line above it labeled *tra*. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a wavy line above it labeled *tra*. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *p stacc.* and *pp*. The text *tra - san - da* is written below the right hand.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand continues the accompaniment.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is characterized by intricate rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various articulations such as slurs and accents. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present in the fifth system, and a 'Bis...' marking is in the sixth system. The notation is dense and detailed, typical of a classical piano score.



PATIENCE  
OR  
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Exterieur of Chateau Benthorne. Entrance to music, L. & R. by drawbridge over moat. A rocky elevation R. Young ladies dressed in catholic draperies are grouped about the stage. They play on lutes, mandolins, etc. as they sing, and all are in the last stage of despair.*

ANGELA, ELLA, and HATHIN lead them. JANE, a peasant, formidable, portentous, black-haired, heavy-browed anchoress, sits placidly apart, with her back to audience, weeping in grief.

No. 1.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Andante.

PIANO

A

Two - ty love - sick mad - dena we . . . Love - sick all a - gaine our wil . . .

Two - ty pass hence we shall be Two - ty love - sick mad - dena still!

Two - ty love - sick mad - dena we, And we die for love of thee!

Two - ty love - sick mad - dena we . . . Love - sick all a - gaine our wil . . .

Two - ty pass hence we shall be Two - ty love - sick mad - dena still!

**S SOLO ANGELA.** **CHORUS.**

Love such as hope, they say, or love will die—  
 Ah, ni - se - re!

**ANGELA.** **CHORUS.** **ANGELA.**

Yet my love lives, al-though no hope have I!  
 Ah, ni - se - re!

... his . . . poor heart, go hide thyself a - way— To weep . . .

**CHORUS.**

... can't see thy eyes - de - lay, Ah, ni - se - re! All our love is all for  
 C

me, You that live by bread and meat, He is my sustenance for ever, and  
 me . . . my life and soul!

*Alto* me . . . my life!

**D SOLO. ELLE.**

Go, break . . . ing heart, . . . Go, dream of love re-  
 . . . spli . . . ed! Go, soul . . . ish heart, . . .  
 Go, dream of love re- . . . spli . . . ed! Go, soul . . . ish

heart, Go, down of us - wak - ing!

And in thy dream For - get that thou art awak - ing!

**CHORUS** *rit.* Ah, mi - se - rie! For - get that thou art awak - ing!

*rit.* *a tempo.*

*rit.* *cresc. mod.*

**CHORUS** Twen - ty - six mil - lions we, . . . Less - en all a - gain our vic -

Ten - ty years hence we shall be Ten - ty less - such and - done still!

Ah, ad - - - - -!

*p* *dim.*

*Ped.*

ANS. There is a strange magic in this love of ours. Eivals as we all are in the affections of our Reginald, the very hopefulness of our love is a hand that binds us one to another.

SAPH. Jealousy is merged in misery. While he, the very cynic of our eyes and hearts, remains icy, impenetrable, what have we to strive for?

ELLA. The love of madmen is, to him, as interesting as the taxes.

SAPH. Would that it were! He pays his taxes.

ANS. And cherishes the receipts.

JANK. (Saddened.) Fools!

ANS. I beg your pardon?

JANK. Fools and blind! The man loves—wildly loves.

ANS. But whom? None of us.

JANK. No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the nonce, on Patience, the vulgar milkmaid.

SAPH. On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

JANK. Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. To-day he is not well.

SAPH. But Patience boasts that she has never loved—that love is, to her, a sealed book. Oh, he cannot be serious.

JANK. Of this fancy he will soon weary. (Aside.) Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid's triumph would be short indeed. (All sigh wearily.)

(PATIENCE appears on rush. She looks down with pity on the dependent Indian.)

No. 3.

RECITATIVE—Patience.

*Allegro*

PIANO

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment.

PATIENCE

Still brood- ing on that mad in- ter- ru- ption! I thank thee, Love, thou can- not set to

Musical notation for the first line of the recitative, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

me: For hap- pie I, see soon thy in- ter- ru- ption. Thou shalt not

Musical notation for the second line of the recitative, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

dash - us - up who love, me but

*Sarva (Looking up.)*  
Thy De - tence -

Musical notation for the third line of the recitative, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

lay - er girl      Lov'd by a pe - at!

PATIENCE.      (Group.)      ANGELA.

Your pa - den, is - tis. I in - tends up - on you!      Hey, you - ty child, come

(PATIENCE demands.)      PATIENCE.

Is - tis.      Is it true That you love us - ve lov'd?      Must true =

CHORUS SOPRANI.      CONTRALTI.

= feet.      Must not - vel - lous!      And must de - plo - re - ble!

*A More Song*



## SONG—Patience.

PATIENCE

*Alligretto grazioso*

I can not tell what this love may be That com-eth to all but not to

PIANO

me. It can not be kind as they'd im-ply, Or why do these is - dies agh? It can not be

joy and rep - ture deep, Or why do these ga - die is - dies weep? It can not be blis - sed as 'tis

well, Or why are their eyes as sun - dews and? *A tempo* Though ev - 'ry -

where true love I see *Vivo* A - com - ing to all but not to

... can not tell what this love may be. For I see blithe and I see

*rall.* *B*

... While they sit, sigh - ing night and day: For I see blithe and I see gay, think of the  
 You, she is blithe and she is gay.

*Pizzicato*

... gull tear them and me, think of the gull tear them and me, fall in love  
 You, she is blithe and gay.

*Pizzicato*

la la, and all me - me

*rehearse*

If love is a thorn, they show no wit Who feel - it - ly - ing and de - ce -

it. If love is a weed, how sin - gle they Who get - rid of it day by day! If love is a

net - tie that make you smart, Then why do you wear it next your heart? And if it be some of those, my

rit. C  
I, Ah, why do you sit and sob, and sigh? Thoughts - er - ly -  
Go (trumpet)  
rit.

rit. V  
- where true love I see A - com - ing to me, but not to



ANG. Ah, PATERSON, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! (*As sigh, and JANE groans.*)

PAT. But the truly happy seem to have so much on their minds! The truly happy never seem quite well.

JANE. There is a transcendentalism of delirium, an acute sensitiveness of supramental ecstasy, which the earthy might easily mistake for indignation. But it is not indignation; it is aesthetic transcendence! (*To the others.*) Enough of bubble. Come!

PAT. But I have some news for you. The Thirty-fifth Dragon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

ANG. (*Contemptuously.*) The Thirty-fifth Dragon Guards!

SARF. They are faintly men, of full habit.

ELLA. We care nothing for Dragon Guards.

PAT. But, bless me, you were all in love with them a year ago!

SARF. A year ago!

ANG. My poor child, you don't understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our perceptions exalted. (*To others.*) Come! It is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door.

(*The ladies go off two and two, singing refrain of "Twenty love-sick maidens we," and accompanying themselves on lute and mandolin. PATERSON watches them in surprise, and goes off up rock. MARCH. Enter officers of Dragon Guards from behind rock, led by MAJOR. They march round stage.*)

No. 3.

SOLO—Colonel, & Chorus of Dragons.

*Allegro marcato.*

PIANO

Solo.

CHORUS TENORS.

CHORUS TENORS.

BASSES

The sol - diers of our Queen Are lock'd in bond - by us - they; Up - on the bat - tle

The sol - diers of our Queen Are lock'd in bond - by us - they; Up - on the bat - tle

same They fight the foe to - go - then. There ev - ry one that's an I'm - par'd to fight and  
 same They fight the foe to - go - then. There ev - ry one that's an I'm - par'd to fight and

all hi The ex - e - cut - ive of one The ex - e - cut - ive of all hi The ex - e - cut - ive of  
 all hi The ex - e - cut - ive of one The ex - e - cut - ive of all hi The ex - e - cut - ive of

one The ex - e - cut - ive of all hi  
 one The ex - e - cut - ive of all hi

*Allegro*

Piano introduction consisting of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

(Enter COLONEL.)

SOLD. COLONEL.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

If you want a receipt for that pop - a - le - ry - te - ry,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. Dynamics include *f*.

Knows to the world as a Her - by Dia - gon, CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. Dynamics include *f*.

Take all the re - mark - a - ble peo - ple in his - to - ry, Eat - in them up to a

pop - u - lar text.

1. The pluck of Lord Nel-son on board of the Vic-to-ry-  
 went \* re-apt for the ad-duc-tive pa-tri-ot.

Ge-neral of the march de-vo-ing a plea: The be-ness of Foid-ing (which sends con-va-dic-to-ry-  
 Get at the wack of the Car (if you can) - The hem-i-ly pride of a Spear-head from Ar-ma-gon-

Con-ness of Da-vid a-lect in the pan- The ser-vice of Jul-ian, the em-i-ment me-a-  
 Fere of Me-pha-to pre-sent-ing a bar- A march of Lord Wa-tar-Kod, rock-les and rei-fuk-p-



Wiz of Mac - an - lay, who wrote of Queens Anne - The ye - tins of Fad - dy, as sun - der'd by Sun - n - mast -  
 Swag - ger of Ko - der - ick, hand - ing his clan - The been pen - e - tes - tate of Fad - ding - in Fad - la - ly -

Style of the Bab - ay of So - der and Mac - The dash of a D'Or - ay, di - rent - ed of quack - er - ty -  
 Green of an O - de - began on a di - van, The ge - also ma - in - gic of Ce - sur or The - l - lad -

Nar - n - five pow - ers of Die - kera and Tho - ke - ny - Vis - tor Eu - ma - on - at - post - kanti - ing Fu - va - rd -  
 Still of Sir Ger - net in thrash - ing a can - al - bal - Pin - over of Hen - let - the Strang - es, a touch of kin -

The - mas A - qu - nar and Dec - ter Sa - che - va - reli - Top - per and Ten - ay - um - Dan - led De - fan -  
 Lit - te of Mac - had (not set ve - ry much of him - Ex - ale of Der - ing - too - Fil - chard - an's show -

An - tho - ny Tro - ipe and Ma - ter Gu - st!   
 Ma - ter Mi - can - ber and Ma - gnae Tu - sand!

CHORUS.   
 Ah! Take of these vi - ce - ssas all that is in -   
 A His - ry Des - gen, a His - ry Des - gen,

Mel - lus all down in a gly - ble or ora - d - ble - See 'em to am - mer and take of the   
 His - ry Des - gen, a His - ry Des - gen, a His - ry Des - gen, a His - ry Des - gen. . .

And a His - ry Des - gen is the re - s - u - re - ct - ion   
 is the re - s - u - re - ct - ion

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system features a chorus with the lyrics 'Ah! Take of these vice-ssas all that is in - A His-ry Des-gen, a His-ry Des-gen,'. The third system continues the chorus with 'Mel-lus all down in a gly-ble or ora-d-ble - See 'em to am-mer and take of the His-ry Des-gen, a His-ry Des-gen, a His-ry Des-gen, a His-ry Des-gen. . .'. The fourth system shows the final section with the lyrics 'And a His-ry Des-gen is the re-s-u-re-ct-ion is the re-s-u-re-ct-ion'. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs.



COL. Well, here we see on the scene of our former triumphs. But where's the Duke?

(Enter DUKE, *Sadly and in low spirits.*)

DUKE. Here I am! (*Sings.*)

COL. Come, cheer up! don't give way!

DUKE. Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a duke with a thousand a day!

MAL. Hullo! Most men would envy you!

DUKE. Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of candy?

MAL. Very!

COL. We are all fond of candy.

ALL. We are!

DUKE. Yes, and candy in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on candy—candy for breakfast, candy for dinner, candy for tea—to have it supposed that you care for nothing but candy, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but candy were offered to you,—how would you like that?

COL. I can believe that, under those circumstances, even candy would become monotonous.

DUKE. For "candy" read flattery, adulation, and sycophantic deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great Heavens! what is there to adulate in me? Am I particularly

intelligent, or remarkably studious, or exorbitantly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

COL. You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

ALL. You are!

DUKE. Exactly! that's it, exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much. Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this regiment. In the army, thought I, I shall be occasionally scolded, perhaps even bullied; who knows! The thought was rapturous, and here I am.

COL. (*Looking off.*) And here are the ladies!

DUKE. But who is the gentleman with the long hair?

COL. I don't know.

DUKE. He seems popular.

COL. He does seem popular.

(ALGERNON BUSTONSKY enters, followed by ladies, two and two, singing and playing on harps as before. He is reading, and quite absorbed. He sees no one, but walks across stage, followed by ladies.)

(*They take no notice of Drogono, to the surprise and indignation of these Officers.*)

## No. 4 CHORUS, with SOLOS—Angela, Ella, &amp; Bunthorne

*Alligretto moderato*

PIANO

ELLA with 1st SOP.

ANG. & SOPS.  
with 2nd SOP.

In a dol - ce - ful tone Two and two we with all day - for we

love is real! None so mer - ce - ful as they Who can en - joy

ugh and my. Was it me, a - lack - a - day!

## CHORUS OF DIALOGUES

We in me, a - look a - day! How is not this it - di - ce - less - and  
 is not this pos - su - re - real? A tho - rough - pecc - ad - or - di - ty - ex - plain it if you can. In -  
 stead of rush - ing so - pre - ly to cher - ish us and for - get us, They all pre - fer this me - lan - choly  
 lit - er - a - ry man. In - stead of shy - ly peer - ing at us, Cast - ing looks en - deav - or - ing at us,  
 dash - ing at us, dash - ing at us - set - ting with a sea; They're ac - tu - ally meet - ing at us.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line in each system. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal line.

four - ing at us, join - ing at us! For - ty set of treat - ment for a mil - li - on - ry man! They're

us - tu - al - ly mar - ing at us, four - ing at us, join - ing at us! For - ty set of treat - ment for a

mil - li - on - ry man!

My - tie pe - et, bear our prayer, - - Twen - ty love - sick mil - lions we -

*Andantino.*

Young and veal - dy, dark and fur - All of coun - try is - mi - ly

## MARRIAGE

And we die for love of thee! Twin-ty love-dick mal-dens we! 4! Yes, we die for love of

thee— Twin-ty love-dick mal-dens we! **RETROROSPE.** *Allegro come inn.* Though my look I seem to *(Artic. stacc.)*

see in a sept ec-sta - de sep, like a le - er - a - ry all Who do -

pi - us fi - male they; I hear plain - ly all they say, Twin - ty love - dick mal - dens

**F** **CHORUS. DE-BOONS. OVERTURE.** *(To each other.)* they! He hears plain - ly all they say, Twin-ty love - dick mal - dens they! *Andante.*

## SOLO, BAPPIE.

Though as un - cel - lous - ly wise, . . . For a re - sult more - tal be,

Delge to take thy pur - ple eyes From thy heart - down - po - e - ty.

Thou - ty love - rich mat - tern - Each is know - ing on his knee.

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Thou - ty love - rich mat - tern - Each is know - ing on his knee!

BUN. (solo) *Allarg. come inn.*

Though, as I re - mark'd be - fore, A - ny one con - ceiv'd would be The same



tra - san - des - si - lre In me - so - pe - la - ing me, Round the sea - we I can

**M** *f* CHORUS DRAGOONS  
see Each is kneel - ing on her knee! Round the cor - ner he can see Each is kneel - ing on her

knee! Now is not this si - di - ca - lion - and is not this pre - sen - ta - tion? A tho - rough - pa'd ab -

**MAIDENS**  
- me - di - ty - si - di - ca - lion - pre - sen - ta - tion! He - plain is if you can. Now

de - . . . ful train Two and two we walk all  
 is not this ri - di - cu - lous - and is not this pre - pu - te - rous? A through-put ab - sur - di - ty - as

day - For we love you in vain! None  
 - plain it if you can. In - stead of rush - ing an - ger - ly to the risk we and fa - ter us, They

are - you - ful as they Who . . . can  
 all pre - fer this re - li - gion - ly it - e - ry man. In - stead of shy - ly peer - ing at us,

on - . . . ly sigh and say,  
 Cast - ing looks or - der - ing at us, flash - ing at us, flash - ing at us - flirt - ing with a lie! They're

Woe is me, a lack of a . . .

ac - tu - al - ly mar - ing at all, fear - ing at us, join - ing at all! For - ty sort of treat - ment for a

day! . . . Woe is me, a

mil - li - ta - ry man! They're ac - tu - al - ly mar - ing at all, fear - ing at us, join - ing at all!

lack . . . a . . . day! Twen - ty love - sic

For - ty sort of treat - ment for a mil - li - ta - ry man! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous - and

and how we— And we

is not the pre - po - si - tion? They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly in - ter - a - ry man. Now

do for love of thee!

is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre - po - se - rous? They all pre - fer this me - ta - cho - ly,

Yes, we do for love of

me - ta - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry men. Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre -

thee!

pre - fer - rous?

COL. Angela, what is the meaning of this?  
 ANN. Oh, sir, leave us; our minds are but ill situated to fight love-sick.

Mrs. But what in the world has come over you all?  
 JANE. Busthorpe; he has come over us. He has come among us, and he has idealised us.

DUKE. Has he idealised you?  
 JANE. He has.  
 DUKE. Bravo, Busthorpe!  
 JANE. My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling.

(During this BUSTHORPE is seen in all the agonies of composition. The ladies are watching him intently as he writes. At last he hits on the word he wants and writes it down. A general sense of relief.)

BUS. Finished! At last! Finished!

(He staggers, overcome with the mental strain, into arms of COLONEL. They fan him.)

COL. Are you better now?  
 BUS. Yes. Oh, it's you—I beg your pardon; I am better now. The poem is finished, and my soul had gone out into it. That was all; it was nothing worth mentioning.—Dear Patience! (Holds her hand; she seems frightened.)

ANN. Will it please you read it to us, sir? (All bow.)  
 SAPH. This we supplicate.  
 BUS. (Tenderly to PATIENCE, whom he holds by the hand.) Shall I? I will read it if you bid me!

FAY. (Much frightened.) If you like.  
 BUS. It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing, yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called, "Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!"

FAY. Is it a hunting-song?  
 BUS. A hunting-song? No, it is not a hunting-song. It is the wall of the poet's heart on discovering that everything is commonplace. To understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lines! (They do so as he recites.)

OH, HOLLOW! HOLLOW! HOLLOW!

What time the poet hath hymned  
 The writhing maid, ribe-ribed,

Quivering on amaranthine arphodel,  
 How can he paint her woes,  
 Knowing, as well he knows,  
 That all can be set right with colonel?

When from the poet's plinth  
 The amorous colocyth  
 Yearns for the slow, faint with rapturous thrills,  
 How can he hymn their throes,  
 Knowing, as well he knows,  
 That they are only unaccounted pills?

Is it, and can it be,  
 Nature hath this disease,  
 "Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell"?  
 Or that in all her works  
 Something poetic lurks,  
 Even in colocyth and colonel?  
 I cannot tell.

ANN. How purely fragrant!  
 SAPH. How earnestly precious!  
 FAY. Well, it seems to me to be nonsense.  
 SAPH. Nonsense, yes, but what precious nonsense!  
 ANN. Ah!  
 COL. This is all very well, but you seem to forget that you are engaged to us!

SAPH. It can never be. You are not Engyressa. You are not Della Crossca. You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English as it is too late! (Officers look at each other in astonishment.)

JANE. (Leaving off uniform.) Red and yellow! Primary colors! Oh, South Kensington!

DUKE. We didn't design our uniforms, but we don't see how they could be improved.

JANE. No, you wouldn't. Still, there is a cobwebby gray velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gray, which, made Florence fourteenth century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar-horn, and varnished with something Japanese—it matters not what—would at least be Early English!—Come, madam! (Kisses ladies, singing refrain of "In a wretchedly bad.")

DUKE. Gentlemen, this is an insult to the British uniform—  
 COL. A uniform that has been as successful in the courts of Venus as on the field of Mars!

## No 5.

## SONG—Colonel.

*Allgry march-like*

Piano

COLONEL.

When I first put the a - si - form on, I said, as I looked in the  
 hat, when I saw you put it on, "His place is the re - si - st -

glow. "It's one in a mil - lion That a - si - form is, my a - si - form and form will see -  
 That a - si - form is, my a - si - form is, my a - si - form and form will see -

pan. Gold lace has a charm for the hat, And I've plenty of that, and so spare. While a  
 man. They will see that I've been - ly gold - lace. In a - si - form hat, some and oblate.

in - ve's pre - fer - ence, When at - tention is his - tory, Are a - si - form or - ty - where!" A  
 pe - re - re - re Of long - haired or - the - tory, Are re - ty much more to their taste.

Cresc.

but that I count-ed up-on, When I first put this u-ni-form on!  
 I ne-ver count-ed up-on, When I first put this u-ni-form on!

im-ple-as-ible-demon, how Could a-ny have such-stand up-on. The  
 im-ple-as-ible-demon, how Could a-ny have such-stand up-on. The

some thing occur'd to me, too, When I first put this u-ni-form on! 1st time. COLONEL. and time.  
 did-n't an-ti-ci-pate that, When I first put this u-ni-form on! on!

some thing occur'd to me, too, When I first put this u-ni-form on!  
 did-n't an-ti-ci-pate that, When I first put this u-ni-form on!

(The Dragonet goes off angrily, leaving BUSTONICK on stage.)

(As soon as he is alone BUSTONICK changes his manner and he seems intensely melodramatic.)

## No. 6.

## RECITATIVE &amp; SONG—Bunthorne.

BARY. BUNTHORNE.

*Andante.*

Am I a - lone,

PIANO

And in - ob - served? I am!

*a tempo.*

BARY.

Then let me see The in - ce - pt - ible!

*a tempo.*



*A*

This air is - sure Is but a mere Ve - nue!

This ex - ce - llent Is but a wife Of gold!

This ex - ce - llent Is but good taste Mis - placed!

*B*

Let us see - how!

*A*

## Ritard.

longed love for Ellen does not slight me! Look! limbs and haggard cheeks do not delight me! I do not care for dirty games by any means. I do

*Cresc. Fede.*

not long for all one sees! That's Japanese—I am not fond of staring plateaus in staid-glass attitudes. In short, my

ma - di - a - mi - ta - mi's of - fer - ta - tion, Here of a new - bad love of ad - mi - ra - tion!

*Alliegretto gravior.*

*p*

1. If you're anxious to shine in the high so-lar line As a

*f* *alleg.*

man of old-time song. You must get up all the germs of the trans-con-tinental term, and

plant them ev-ry-where. You must be up-on the del-ic-ate and dis-crim-i-na-tive pres-sure of your

con-si-der-ate state of mind. The *(and more)* *Art* *stopping* *does-n't* *cut-so* *if* *it's* *on-ly* *li-ble* *char-ter* *of* *a*  
*Art* *stopped* *short* *is* *the* *cul-ti-va-ted* *count* *of* *the*

mus - em - des - tel kind. And ev - ry one will say, As you

walk your mys - tic way, "If this young man ex - poses him - self in nature too deep for

me, Why what a ve - ry stag - e - like - ly deep young man this deep young man was  
*Last night!*

be!<sup>a</sup> *1st & 2nd times.* *Last time.*

<sup>a</sup> Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away.  
 And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was Culture's palmest day.  
 Of course you will gook-pook whatever may be truth and awe, and de-  
 clare it credit and error.  
 For Act stopped short in the celebrated case of the Empress Josephine.  
 And every one will say,  
 As you walk your mystic way,  
 "If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,  
 Why what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

<sup>b</sup> Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable habit must excite your languid spleen.  
 [French hint!] An attachment à la Flato for a bushful young potato, or a not-too-French Though the Philistines may jeer, you will rank as an apostle to the high northern land.  
 If you walk down Frontally with a puppy or a lily in your meddled hand.  
 And every one will say,  
 As you walk your fanny way,  
 "If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not eat me,  
 Why what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!"

(At the end of his song PATIENCE enters. He sees her.)

BEN. Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. Are you?

PAT. No, thank you, I have died. I beg your pardon— I interrupt you.

BEN. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solace, writes under them. Oh, but my heart is weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PAT. Really, I'm very sorry—

BEN. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

PAT. (Misunderstanding him.) I earn my living.

BEN. (Impatiently.) No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the indefinite, and yet to be brought face to face daily with the multiplication-table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans, and to find puddles—to long for whirlwinds, and to have to do the best you can with the bellows? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing!

PAT. If you please, I don't understand you; you frighten me.

BEN. Don't be frightened; it's only poetry.

PAT. If that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

BEN. (Eagerly.) Don't you?—(Aside.) Can I trust her?—(Aloud.) Patience, you don't like poetry. Well, between you and me, I don't like poetry. It's hollow, unsubstantial, unuseful. What's the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can't get 'em, and would only let 'em out on bidding lease when you had 'em?

PAT. Sir, I—

BEN. Don't go, Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as brilliant as I look. If you like I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Be a good girl—a very good girl—and you shall.

PAT. Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught; I have never loved but my great-uncle. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn't possibly love you.

BEN. Oh, you think not?

PAT. I'm quite sure of it—quite sure—quite.

BEN. (Reluctant.) Very good. Life is henceforth a blank. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though you despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young women.

PAT. I only ask that you will leave me and never reuse the subject.

BEN. Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. What is to become of me? (Replies.)

Oh to be wuffed away,

From this black Aspidochelone of sorrow,

Where the dust of an earthy to-day

Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!

It is a little thing of my own. I call it "Heart-Pain." I shall not publish it. Farewell!

[Exit BENEVOLENCE.]

PAT. What does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation! It frightens me!

#### Enter ANNE.

ANNE. Why, Patience, what is the matter?

PAT. Lady Anne, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upon everybody? and secondly, love is it to be distinguished from insanity?

ANNE. Poor blind child! Oh forgive her, Ewe! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement, the idealization of utter usefulness!

PAT. Love is?

ANNE. Yes.

PAT. Dear me! Go on.

ANNE. True love refines, purifies, elevates, exalts, and cleanses. It is the one romantic feature in this chase of materialism, it is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

PAT. Oh dear! oh! (Beginning to cry.)

ANNE. Why are you crying?

PAT. To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this exalting and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn't it?

ANNE. Absolutely. Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh try, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

PAT. I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

ANNE. Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

PAT. Only my great-uncle.

ANNE. Your great-uncle don't count.

PAT. Then there's nobody. At least— No, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But that don't count.

ANNE. I don't know; tell me all about it.

## No. 7

## DUET—Patience &amp; Angela.

PATIENCE

*Alligretto moderato* Long pass a - go, One - too, may - be, When but a li - ty hole of

Pia. vo.

See, An - o - ther ho - ly play'd with me, My el - der by a year or more. A

It - the child of less - ty race, With more - than eyes and woman - like hair, When

*p* *cres.*

in my child - eyes, seem'd to me All that a lit - the child should be!

*p* *mf*

**B** Ah, how we lov'd, that child and I, How pure our ho - ly joy! How

*p*

He was a lit - tie boy!

**ARIA.**

Ah,

old tale of Cupid's trick! I thought so much - I thought so much! He was . . . a lit - tie

*acc.*

**PATRICK.**

They don't in - ter - est what I say - Na - man - bet, pray - is -

boy!

*acc.*

man - bet, pray, He was a lit - tie boy!

No doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The

In - ter - re - leg - bus re - main - He was a lit - tle boy! He

Ah,

yes, in spite of all my pains, The in - ter - re - leg - bus re - main - He

doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The in - ter - re - leg - bus re - main - He

*f* *dim.* *p*

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

*dim.*



(2d vers.) Time fled, and one unhappy day—  
 The first I'd ever known—  
 They took my little friend away,  
 And left me all alone,  
 Ah, how I sobbed! and how I cried!  
 Then I fell ill and nearly died;  
 And even now I weep apace  
 When I recall that baby face!  
 We had one hope—one heart—one will—  
 One life, in one employ;  
 And, though it's immaterial, still  
 He was a little boy!

ANG. Ah, old, old tale of Cupid's touch, etc.  
 PAT. Pray, don't misconstrue what I say, etc.  
 ANG. No doubt, yet, spite of all your pains, etc.  
 PAT. Ah, yes, in spite of all my pains, etc.

(All end of Duet with ANGELA.)

PAT. It's perfectly appalling to think of the dreadful state I must be in! I had no idea that love was a duty. No wonder they all look so unhappy. Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself. I don't think I'm respectable. I'll go at once and fall in love with— (Enter GROSVENOR.) A stranger!

No. 8.

DUET—Patience & Grosvenor.

GROSVENOR.

Pr-tye, pr-tye mal - de - pr-tye tell me true, (Hey but I'm dole - ful,

*Allargato.*

PIANO.

willow willow wa - ly (Have you e'er a lo - ver a - dangling af - ter you? Hey willow wa - ly O!

*rit.*

PATIENCE.

I would like the - re - fore If you have a lo - ver! Hey willow wa - ly O! (O gentle air, my heart is a temple.)

He-comes and goes— (Hey but he's dole-ful, willow willow we-ly!) No one-ly I care for some-sour-ing me—

Hey willow we-ly O! No-bod-y I care for Come-sour-ing-Gone-let, Hey willow

*rall.*

**GOODBYE.**

we-ly O! To thee, just-ly mar-ried, will you mar-ry me? (Hey but I'm hope-ful, willow willow we-ly!)

I may say, at once, I'm a man of pro-per-tee— Hey willow we-ly O! No-ay, I dis-pleas-e, but

ma-ny peo-ple prize it, Hey willow we-ly O! Gen-tle-ly, al-though to mar-ry I de-vo-  
a friend

*rall.*

**PATIENCE.**

GRACE. Patience! Can it be that you don't recognize me?

PAT. Recognize me? No, indeed I don't!

GRACE. Have fifteen years so greatly changed me?

PAT. Fifteen years? What do you mean?

GRACE. Have you forgotten the friend of your youth, your Archibald, your little playfellow? Oh, Grace, Grace! this is too bad of you!

PAT. Archibald! Is it possible? Why, let me look! It is! It is! It must be! Oh, how happy I am! I thought we should never meet again! And how you've grown!

GRACE. Yes, Patience, I am much taller and much stouter than I was.

PAT. And how you've improved!

GRACE. Yes, Patience, I am very beautiful! (Sighs.)

PAT. But surely that don't make you unhappy?

GRACE. Yes, Patience. Gifted as I am with a beauty which probably has not its rival on earth, I am, nevertheless, utterly and completely miserable.

PAT. Oh, but why?

GRACE. My child-love for you has never faded. Conceive, then, the horror of my situation when I tell you that it is my hideous destiny to be madly loved by every woman who sets eyes on me!

PAT. But why do you make yourself so picturesque? Why not disguise yourself, disguise yourself—anything to escape this persecution?

GRACE. No, Patience, that may not be. These gifts, irksome as they are, were given to me for the enjoyment and delegation of my fellow-creatures. I am a trustee for beauty, and it is my duty to see that the conditions of my trust are faithfully discharged.

PAT. And you too are a poet.

GRACE. Yes, I am the Apostle of Simplicity. I am called "Archibald the All Right"—for I am infallible.

PAT. And is it possible that you condescend to love such a girl as I?

GRACE. Yes, Patience; is it not strange? I have loved you with a Florentine fourteenth-century frenzy for full fifteen years!

PAT. Oh! marvellous! I have hitherto been deaf to the voice of love—I seem now to know what love is. It has been revealed to me: it is Archibald Oraverman.

GRACE. Yes, Patience, it is! (Embrace.)

PAT. (As in a trance.) We will never, never part!

GRACE. We will live and die together!

PAT. I swear it!

GRACE. We both swear it! (Embrace.)

PAT. (Rushing from him.) But—Oh horror!

GRACE. What's the matter?

PAT. Why, you are perfection! A source of endless ecstasy to all who know you!

GRACE. I know I am. Well?

PAT. Then, bless my heart! there can be nothing unselfish in loving you!

GRACE. Merciful powers! I never thought of that.

PAT. To monopolize these features on which all women love to linger!

GRACE. Too true! Oh, fatal perfection! again you interpose between me and my happiness!

PAT. Oh, misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your decision. Farewell, Patience!

GRACE. Would that I were! but candor compels me to admit that I'm not.

PAT. Our duty is clear; we must part, and for ever!

GRACE. Oh, misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your decision. Farewell, Patience!

PAT. Farewell, Archibald! But stay!

GRACE. Yes, Patience?

PAT. Although I may not love you—for you are perfect—there is nothing to prevent your loving me. I am plain, homely, unattractive.

GRACE. Why, that's true.

PAT. The love of such a man as you for such a girl as I must be unselfish!

GRACE. Unselfishness itself!

(Exeunt dejectedly in opposite directions.)

(Enter HERCULES, crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. He is led by ANGELA and SARAH (each of whom holds an end of the rose-garland by which he is bound), and followed by a procession of maids. They are dancing classically, and playing on symbols, double pipes, and other antique instruments.)

## FINALE—ACT I.

*Alligretto moderato.*

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of staves. Each system has a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system includes the tempo marking *Alligretto moderato.* and the word *PIANO*. The score features a complex rhythmic pattern in the bass line, primarily consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The treble line contains chords and melodic fragments. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS

Let the sun-ey-ou-ful moon, . . . Gai-ly the Pro-phet's plea-ant,

With a Euph-o-ni-um's sound . . . Tread a gay but clas-sic man-ner,

Tread a gay but clas-sic man-ner. Er-ry heart with hope is

beat-ing. For at this ex-cel-sing meet-ing. Fe-lic-ity will de-

side Who shall be our Dis-throne's bride! Er-ry heart with hope is

In - ter - ing For at this ex - cel - ling most - ing Ho - ly For - ever will de -

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'In - ter - ing' and continues with 'For at this ex - cel - ling most - ing Ho - ly For - ever will de -'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

- sible Who shall be our Sin - ner's Je - sus! Let the sun - ny open - ings sound, . .

The second system of music continues the vocal line with the lyrics '- sible Who shall be our Sin - ner's Je - sus! Let the sun - ny open - ings sound, . .'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Gal - ly - ing Pan - the - on plas - ters, With a Daph - ne - pher - is bound, . .

The third system of music continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Gal - ly - ing Pan - the - on plas - ters, With a Daph - ne - pher - is bound, . .'. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern established in the previous systems.

Tread a gay but alas - ah, alas - ah see - see, Tread a gay but alas - ah, alas - ah see - see, A

The fourth system of music concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'Tread a gay but alas - ah, alas - ah see - see, Tread a gay but alas - ah, alas - ah see - see, A'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment.

cha - sic - sis - sis . . .

(Enter DRAGOONS, led by COLONEL, MAJOR, and DUKE. They are surprised at proceedings.)

*Allegro alla marcia.*

DUKE, COL., and MAJ.—CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.  
TENORS and BASSES. *Unif.*

Now tell us, we pray you, Why

did you ar - ray you—Oh po - et, how say you—What is it you've done! Now tell us, we pray you, Why

did you ar - ray you—Oh po - et, how say you—What is it you've done! Oh po - et, how say you—What

*Solo Duke.*

is it you've done? Of sis - ter - i - cal, By ac - tance ja - di - cal, This seems the in - i - tal, Then

## SOLO. COLONEL.

why don't you see! They can - not have let you To hang or be - head you, Now may they all well see, Us -

## CHORUS.

- be - in - state see! Then tell us, we pray you, Why that they se - ray you—Oh go - at, how say you—What

## RECIT. SINTHORNE.

Is it you've done? Heart - broken at my De - fence's bar - in - ty, By the ad - vice of my se -

- il - li - tie, In aid - in aid of a de - serving cha - n - ty, I've put myself up to be suf - fered!



## G CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

## CHORUS OF DRAGONS.

By the ad-vice of his se - li - d - ter He's put him-self up to be suf - fed for!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Rising.)  
 hur - rai! urged by his se - li - d - ter, He's put him-self up to be suf - fed for! Oh

has - ven's bleas - ing on his se - li - d - ter! Oh  
 A hid - ven curse on his se - li - d - ter!

has - ven's bleas - ing on his se - li - d - ter! Oh  
 A hid - ven curse on his se - li - d - ter!

*rall.*

A Man - ag - ing us his in - E - . . . di - tor!

A cura, a pace us his in - a - di - tor!

*pp*

**SOLO COLONEL.**

*Stacc.* . . . we in - place you, Be - fore our hope are light - ed! You see . . . . .

*Alligro.*

see you The man to whom you're flight - ed!

**CHORUS TENDERS.**

*Stacc.* . . . we in - place you,

*rall.*

*Stacc.* we in - place you.

For . . . us a - dare you, To us you're flight - ed! To be a . . .

For us a - dare you! To us you're flight - ed! To be a . . .

*mf* . . . . . *mf*

si - ted - Say, . . . we in - place you, we in - place you!  
 si - ted - Say, . . . we in - place you, we in - place you!

## SOLO DUET.

You see - der heart, ah, do not start To pit - ty's - lo - quist ap - peal, Soak  
*Andante con larghezza.*  
 p

(aria. They all sigh.)

one - day! Bel - tib - and - ders feel, Sigh, sigh, all sigh! To heaven's steel we run - ly see A  
 f p

(aria. They all kneel.)

Bel - tib - and - ders bend the knee, Yes, one and all, they kneel to you - (Kneel, kneel, all kneel!) Our

and then we cry and then cry, And yet—I need not tell you why— A tear-drop dews each man-ly eye! . . .

(aside. They all weep.)

(Weep weep all weep)

**CHORUS OF MAIDENS** *cres.*

Our and then we cry and then cry And

**CHORUS OF DRAGONS** *cres.*

We and then we cry and then cry And

A tear-drop dews each man-ly eye! . . .

yet—they need not tell us why—

yet—we need not tell you why—

A tear dews each eye! . . .

Wep, weep, all weep!

Wep, weep, all weep!

mar - ti - ni spe!

*Adagio vivace.*

*pp* *p* *stacc.*

**SOLO. BUSTROPHES.**

Come walk up, and per - chase with a - vi - di - ty, O - ver - come your dis - si - dent and

sa - tis - fac - ti - on - di - ty. The - lets for the re - so - lution should be per - chased with a - vi - di - ty,

Put to half a gal - ace and a bus - head you may gain— Such a judge of blue - and - white, and

e - the birds of pre - y—From ear - ly O - di - al, down to mo - dern ter - m - in - is - ry—  
 Put in half a gal - sen—you may draw him in a lot - is - ry—Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may  
 not oc - cur a - gain. Such a judge of blue and white, and e - the birds of pre - y—From  
 ear - ly O - di - al, down to mo - dern ter - m - in - is - ry. Put in half a gal - sen—you may  
 draw him a a lot - is - ry—Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may not oc - cur a - gain.

K. CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

K

*f*

(Maidens stand up to purchase tickets. During this Dragons dance in simple five round steps to express their satisfaction.)

## CHORUS OF DRAGONS, BARRAS AND TENOSS

*ff* *rit.* We've been thrown o - ve, we're a - wa, but we don't care - but

(During this the girls have been buying tickets. At last JANE presents Arran. HUMBLEDORR looks at her with covetous.)

we don't care! There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it, As good as e - ver came out of it,

And some day we shall get our share,

So we don't care - so we don't care!

**RACEY, BUNTWORMS.** **JANE. (Surprised.)**

And see you go - ing a - bot - tom to try? What can - take - ly I see;

Musical score for RACEY, BUNTWORMS and JANE. (Surprised.). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "And see you go - ing a - bot - tom to try? What can - take - ly I see;"

**BUNTWORMS. (Aside.)** **(Aloud.)**

why should not I? Oh, Fer - tain, this is hard! Blind - fold your eyes;

*A tempo moderato*

Musical score for BUNTWORMS. (Aside.) and (Aloud.). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "why should not I? Oh, Fer - tain, this is hard! Blind - fold your eyes;" The tempo marking is "A tempo moderato".

**CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls Blindfold themselves.)**

Two min - utes will de - cide who was the <sup>prize!</sup> Oh, Fer - tain, so my sick - ing heart is

*Andante affettuoso*

Musical score for CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls Blindfold themselves.). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "Two min - utes will de - cide who was the prize! Oh, Fer - tain, so my sick - ing heart is" The tempo marking is "Andante affettuoso".

kind; Like us, these are blind - fold - ed, but not blind!

Musical score for CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls Blindfold themselves.). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "kind; Like us, these are blind - fold - ed, but not blind!"

**(Each uncovers one eye.)**

Just take your hat - tings, then, that you may see, And give the prize, and give the

Musical score for CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls Blindfold themselves.). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "Just take your hat - tings, then, that you may see, And give the prize, and give the"



*(They cover their eyes, etc.)*

ple . . . to me!

**HUNTSMEN.** *(Joyfully)* **JAKE.** *(Joyfully)*

Come, la - dy Jane, I pray you draw the shut! He loves me best!

**HUNTSMEN.** *(Aside)* **ROY.** **PATIENCE.**

I want to know the more! Hold! stay your hand!

*Allegro vivace* *a tempo*

**CHORUS OF MAIDENS.** *(Showering their eyes)*

What means this le - ve - re - ness? Of this bold girl!

**CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.**

What means this le - ve - re - ness? Of this bold girl!

JANE.

pray you make a clea - sance! A - way with you, a - way with you, and to your

pray you make a clea - sance!

BOB. (Saddently.)

PARTRICK, inserting to BERTHOLOM.

milk - pails go She wants to - ket! Take a din - er! No! If

thou be par - don in your leas't For 'tis your pee - li - tate, Who, with re - mor - se - ful

thought op - pres't, Sin - cise - ly dash re - post. If you, with one so low - ly, will be -

lie to be ad - led, Then you may take me, if you will, For I will be your

8

side!

CHORUS

Oh shame - less one! Oh bold - faced thing! A - way you run - Go, take your

Oh shame - less one! Oh bold - faced thing! A - way you run - Go, take your

wing. Ah, . . . . . Go, take your

Oh shame - less one, Oh bold - faced thing!

wing. Ah, . . . . . A - way you run - Go, take your

PIANISSIMO

wing, You shame - less one! You bold - faced thing! How

wing, You shame - less one! You bold - faced thing!

strong is love! For many and many a week, She's lov'd me

feed - ly and has fear'd to speak. But Ma - tern, for re - sistent too

ough - ty fit, His love the bonds of Art— And here we

**MICHEL PATRICK.**  
are! He, Ma - tern, has - there, no— you're wrong a - gain, Pa -

mit me— I'd ex - plain to ex - plain!

*Chor. Solo*

V *PATRICK.*

This love most sin-gle-heart-ed be— From ev-ry sin-ful sin-ny free—

## BOSTONIAN.

Ex-act-ly so! Ex-act-ly so!

V *Andante.*

He i-der thought of pain or joy, A sin-ner's sin-ny should em-ploy— This love must be with-out al-

ly, This love must be with-out al-ly. *MEX.* In-ter-rupt to con-tempt must

Ex-act-ly so!

COLONEL. What re - al - ty's de - vel - op - ment -

MAJOR. Ex - act - ly so -

Ex - act - ly so -

(Indistinct Background)

ful - lows them, a mil - lion who De - stroy her - self to let - ter you in

prop - ert by an ad - fish view! Is prop - ert by an ad - fish view!

MEM. Ex - act - ly so -

Y. SAPP. (Telling BERTHOENE aside.) ANGELA. BOY. (Addressing PATIENCE.)

Are you re - ally to wait this class - less one? Is there no chance for a - ny o - ther? None!

(ANGELA, SAPP, and ELLA take COLONEL, DUKE, and MAJOR down, while girls pass faintly at other Officers.)

*Andante con moto*

71

**A**

**ELLA.**

I hear the soft note of the echo - ing voice Of an

**SAPHER.**

I hear the soft note of the echo - ing voice Of an

**ANGELA.**

I hear the soft note of the e - cho - ing voice Of an

**DUKE.**

I hear the soft note of the echo - ing voice Of an

**MAJOR.**

I hear the soft note of the echo - ing voice Of an

**COLONEL.**

I hear the soft note of the e - cho - ing voice Of an

**A**

*mf*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

*cres.*

*fp*

And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but  
 And— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -  
 pain, And as - yet, oh as - yet, this heart will range From that old old love a -



- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And  
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And

ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh  
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first five staves represent the vocal line, and the last five staves represent the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

Oh  
Oh  
Oh  
Oh  
Oh

ne - - - ver this, ne - - - ver this heart will - - - reign.

ne - - - ver this heart, our hearts will reign From that old old love a - - - gain! Oh ne - - - ver, oh  
ne - - - ver this heart, our hearts will reign From that old old love a - - - gain! Oh ne - - - ver, oh

ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver, oh ne - - - ver this heart will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver our hearts, oh ne - - - ver our hearts will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!  
ne - - - ver our hearts, oh ne - - - ver our hearts will reign From that old old love a - - - gain!

(Girls and/or Officers)

(As the *Dragons and Girls* are embracing under *Guinevere's* reading. He takes no notice of them, but comes slowly down, still reading. The girls are all strongly fascinated by him, and gradually withdraw from *Isuere*.)

## E ANGELA.

But who is this, whose god-like grace Pre-claims to

ness of so - ble race? And who is this whose man - ly face Even so - me's

is - su - at - ing love?

CHORUS

You, who is this, whose god-like grace Pre-claims to

You, who is this, whose god-like grace Pre-claims to

**F** **RECIT. GROSVENOR.**

comes of us - the men? I am a tre - han - heart - of

comes of us - the men?

tre - han - heart, Whose mind's as - the - tic and whose taste are pure!

**G** **RECIT. AMELIA.** **GROSVENOR.**

*Firmo.* *a tempo.* As - the - tic! He is as - the - tic! Yes,

*a tempo.* **MAIDENS.**

yes - I am as - the - tic And as - the - tic! Then, we

low son!

(The girls leave Dorothea, and grasp, laughing, around Gwynvion. Fury of BERTHOLOMEW, who recognizes a rival.)  
H a tempo.

DUANOSS.

They love him! Her - re!

PATIENCE AND BERTHOLOMEW. Gwynvion.

They love him! Her - re! They love me!

*cral.*

Her - re! Her - re Her - re!

*cral. melo.*

## FATHERS.

Let, Ho - pe - ful, while I con - fess A love that's all ex - cel - sion, That

## MOTHERS.

Oh let while we a love con - fess That words im - per - fect - ly ex - press, These

## SAPRIS.

Oh let while we a love con - fess That words im - per - fect - ly ex - press, These

## ANGELA.

Oh let while we a love con - fess That words im - per - fect - ly ex - press, These

## JANE.

Oh let while we a love con - fess That words im - per - fect - ly ex - press, These

## DIAN.

My in - less - y I can't ex - press, Their love they a - po - ly - con - fess; His

## CHORUS. SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.

Oh let while we a love con - fess That

## TENORS AND BASSES.

Oh let while they a love con - fess That

*Alligretto agitato.*

It's in - ad - ish, good - ness knows, You won't dis - pute it, I... suppose.

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woes!

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woes!

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woes!

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woes!

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woes!

shell - like ears, oh, do not close To that re - el - al of their woes!

**COLONEL & MAJOR.**

My joy - less - y I

**FOURTEENS. My joy - less - y I**  
**GENEROUS. A - gain my ears - at**

words in - ter - fer - ly ex - press! Yes, those shell - like ears, oh,

words in - ter - fer - ly ex - press! Yes, his shell - like ears be

can't ex - press, Their love they e - x - press - ly con - fess! Their love they e - x - press - ly con - fess, con -

ess - si - ness Spreads hope - less as - guish and dis - tress, Spreads hope - less as - guish and dis - tress, dis -

do not close To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woe! To light - of love's dis - tract - ing woe, its

do not close To their re - d - tal of their woe! To their re - d - tal of their woe, their



*p* *K* *over*

Alf . . . . .

Oh let while we our love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

Oh let while we our love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

Oh let while we our love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

Oh let while we our love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

*p* *K* *over*

Alf . . . . .

fer! . . . . . My je - lous-y I can't ex - press, Their love thy o - pen -

fer! . . . . . My je - lous-y I can't ex - press, Their love thy o - pen -

fer! . . . . . A - gain my cur - ad - dres - I - see Spreads hope - ful an - gels

wool . . . . . Oh let while we a love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

wool . . . . . Oh let while they a love con-fer That work in - per - fer -

*K* *fer*

And I shall love you, I shall love. Your eyes, ah, do not close! Thy shell - like  
 by ex-press. Thy shell - like eyes, ah, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like  
 by ex-press. Thy shell - like eyes, ah, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like  
 by ex-press. Thy shell - like eyes, ah, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like  
 by ex-press. Thy shell - like eyes, ah, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like  
 His shell - like eyes he does not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! His shell - like  
 by ex-press. His shell - like eyes he does not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Now is not this it -  
 by ex-press. His shell - like eyes he does not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! His shell - like  
 and dis-tract; Thine eyes, ah For - tress, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! My shell - like  
 by ex-press. Thine shall - like eyes, ah, do not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Thine shall - like  
 by ex-press. His shall - like eyes He does not close To love's dis-tract - ing woes! Now is not this it -

sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 sus he does not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! His shell - like sus he does not  
 - di-co-losa, and is not this pro-potere? A thro'p'd' ah - nu-di-ty, explain it if you can! Now is not this di-co-losa, and is not this pro-  
 sus he does not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! His shell - like sus he does not  
 sus I can - not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! My shell - like sus I can - not  
 sus, ah, do not close To night - ed love's dis-trust - ing vow! Thy shell - like sus, ah, do not  
 - di-co-losa, and is not this pro-potere? A thro'p'd' ah - nu-di-ty, explain it if you can! Now is not this di-co-losa, and is not this pro-

The musical score consists of ten vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated across the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is divided into two systems. The first system includes a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe! - a, woe-woe! A through-pa'rah-mo-di-ty, explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you can, you can." The score concludes with the text "End of Act I".

close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!  
close To light - ed love's dis - tract - ing woe! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woe! love's woe!

- a, woe-woe! A through-pa'rah-mo-di-ty, explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you can, you can.  
- po-troon! A through-pa'rah-mo-di-ty, explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you can, you can.

*End of Act I*

ACT II.

SCENE.—A yacht. A small boat of water, G. Jane is discovered leaning on a large double bass, upon which she presently accompanies herself.

JANE. The sickle crew have deserted Reginald and transferred their allegiance to his rival, and all, smooth! because he has glossed with passing favor on a palling milkmaid! Pooh! Of that fancy he will soon weary, and then I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for I am ripe, Reginald, and already I am dozing. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!

No. 1. ACT II. RECITATIVE & SONG—Jane

*Moderato*

PIANO

RECIT. JANE.

Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year,      Sits, one by one, her bosom do - ap - part;

When Time, gives weary of her hunt - dove's sigh, in - po - tently he - gets to "dick her eye!"

Compel'd at last, in ill's su - cer - tain gloom - ings,      To woe - her with kind love with well - woe!

'washings," He closed, with songs, Epistles, and psalms gay, To "make up" for lost

time, as best she may!

*Andante moderato.*

All world is the sa - ven hat - Spread - ing in the part - ing straight, Met - sted the com - plex - ion fair,

Hat - is the youth - ful girl, Hat - low is the laugh - ter fair, Spont - an - eous the sim - ple eye,

*rall.*

*a tempo.*

Let - the will be left of me, In the even - ing type and type! Let - the will be left of me, In the

con - ing bye and bye!

Pul - ing in the in - per waist - shape - less gives the shape - ly look, And al - though in - con - ly look,

Spreading in the S - give trim! Stout - er than I used to be, Still more in - per - last grow I -

*a tempo* There will be too much of me in the con - ing bye and bye! *affettuoso* There will be too much of me in the

con - ing bye and bye! (She shoulders her double bass, and exit L.)

(Enter GINEVRA, followed by maidens, two or three, each playing an archaic instrument, as in Act I. He is reading abstractedly, as BENTON did in Act I, and pays no attention to them. He sits R. C.)

No. 2.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS

*Andante.*

**PIANO.**

**MAIDENS.**

Turn, oh turn in this di-rect-ion, Shed, oh shed a gen-tle rain! With a glance of sad per-  
 -fect-ion, Our pure fair-est hearts be-guile! On each eye as you-then the-rish Let thy  
 soul a-cho-ten gaze, Or lo-ose a ti-ment-ly per-ish, In their all-con-tem-ning  
 eyes! Or a-lose a ti-ment-ly per-ish, In their all-con-tem-ning eyes!

*(He sits; they group around him.)*

*dim.* *pp*



GRACE. *(Aside.)* The old, old tale! How rapturously these maidens love me, and how hopelessly! Oh, Patience, Patience! woe! with the love of thee in my heart what have I for those poor and useless but an untrained pity? Alas! they will die of hopeless love for me, as I shall die of hopeless love for thee!

ANNE. Sir, will it please you to read to us? *(Kneels.)*

GRACE. *(Sighing.)* Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

ANNE. One of your own poems.

GRACE. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. They will not cure thee of thy love.

ELLA. Mr. Southam used to read us a poem of his own every day.

ANNE. And, to do him justice, he read them extremely well.

GRACE. Oh, did he so? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a docket—a pure and simple thing, a very daisy; a babe might understand it. To appreciate it, it is not necessary to think of anything at all!

ANNE. Let us think of nothing at all.

#### GRACE'S REVERIE.

Gentle Jane was as good as gold;  
She always did as she was told;  
She never spoke when her mouth was full,  
Or caught blue-bottles their legs to pull,  
Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,  
Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,  
Or vivariced her last new doll,  
Or fostered a passion for alcohol;  
And when she grew up she was given in marriage  
To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage.

GRACE. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one

ANNE. Not one; it is purity itself!

GRACE. Here's another.

Tossing Tom was a very bad boy;  
A great big ogre was his favorite toy;  
He put five shrimps in his father's boots,  
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits,  
He punched his poor little sisters' heads,  
And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds;  
He plastered their hair with robber's wax,  
And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.

The consequence was he was lost totally,  
And married a girl in the *corps de ballet!*

ANNE. Marked you how grandly, how relentlessly, the dancing catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a jolly hawk, came sweeping down upon the Wrong-doer? Oh, it was terrible!

GRACE. *(Aside.)* This is simply clayey.—*(Aloud.)* Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungalant, but you have been following me about ever since Monday, and this is Saturday. I should like the usual half-holiday, and if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day, I shall take it as a personal favor.

ELLA. Sir, you are indeed a poet, for you touch our hearts and they go out to you.

GRACE. *(Aside.)* Poor, poor girls!—*(Aloud.)* It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

ANNE. *(Sighing.)* But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

GRACE. Don't you? Then I will sing it to you.

## SONG—The Magnet and Churn.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

## GOSPELERS.

A mag - net hang in a hard - ware shop, And all a - round was a lo - ing cry Of

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p*.

ads - ters and see - dis, nails and knives, Of fer - ing love for all their lives;

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p*.

But for i - ron the mag - net felt no when, The re

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p*.

char - med i - ron, it charmed not him, From see - dis and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd set his love

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *acc.*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. GOSPELERS.

as a Sil - ver Chain! Sil - ver Chain! Sil - ver Chain!

It's not as - the - tic Ve - ry mag - ne - tic Fax - cy took the turn— "H

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

I see what - do A knife or a nec - do, Why not a Sil - ver Chain! "It's not as - the - tic

Ve - ry mag - ne - tic Fax - cy took the turn— "H I see what - do A knife or nec - do,

Why not a Sil - ver Chain!"

## GROUPEES.

And I - see and I see you - pass'd me - by, The sea - was e - ven'd then

well - dar'd eyes, The sea - was e - ven'd then - "shot up," no doubt, The sea - was e - ven'd then - "shot up,"

The ho - des they belted with rage, the sea,

While we by sail went off its head, And bi - ther and di - ther be - gan to roam, Till a

hammered up . . . and drove them home. CHORUS OF MAIDENS. GROTTOUR.

It drove them home? It

down their house) While this mag - ic - ve - ry Pe - ti - po - le - tic Let - us be kind to

CHORUS OF  
MARRIERS

learn, By an in - dex - your Car mag - net a - ve At - tract a Sil - ver Chain! While

this mag - ic - ve - ry Pe - ti - po - le - tic Let - us be kind to learn, By an in - dex - your Car

mag - net a - ve At - tract a Sil - ver Chain! *a tempo*

(They go off as in Act I, singing "In a melancholy train,"  
etc., and getting back at him from time to time.)

GRACE. At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquest!

(PATIENCE appears L.)

PAT. Archibald!

GRACE. (Turns and sees her.) Patience!

PAT. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much, that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever!

GRACE. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime— (Seizes her hand.)

PAT. (Indignantly.) Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (He releases her.) If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's!— (Very tenderly.) But you do love me, don't you?

GRACE. Madly! hopelessly! despairingly!

PAT. That's right! I never can be yours, but that's right! GRACE. And you love this Buthorne?

PAT. With a heart-whole constancy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings!— (Softly.) It is my duty.

GRACE. Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?

PAT. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

GRACE. That's right! I never can be yours, but that's right! PAT. But go now; I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald. I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

GRACE. Ah, if I only dared— (Addresses toward her.)

PAT. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another!— (Tenderly.) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is so unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

GRACE. Loving— (Addresses toward her.)

PAT. Advance one step, and, as I am a good and pure woman, I scream!— (Tenderly.) Farewell, Archibald!— (Sternly.) Stop there!— (Tenderly.) Think of me sometimes!— (Sternly.) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

(GRACE rises, paces sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and sits. She bursts into tears and weeps on rock.)

In a delightful train,

One and one, I walk all day;

Pity those who love in vain—

None so sorrowful as they

Who can only sigh and say,

Woe is me, slackster!

BUN. (Seeing PATIENCE.) Crying, eh! What are you crying about?

PAT. I've only been thinking how dearly I love you

BUN. Love me! Bah!

JANE. Love him! Bah!

BUN. (To JANE.) Don't you interfere

JANE. He always craves me!

PAT. (Going to him.) What is the matter, dear Reginald?

If you have any sorrow, tell it to me, that I may share it with you. (Sighing.) It is my duty!

BUN. (Sighingly.) Whom were you talking with just now?

PAT. With dear Archibald.

BUN. (Fervently.) With dear Archibald! Upon my honor,

this is too much!

JANE. A great deal too much!

BUN. (Addressing to JANE.) Do be quiet!

JANE. Cried again!

PAT. I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever met. But I don't love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but indeed I don't love him. Whenever he gets affectionate I scream. It is my duty! (Sighing.)

BUN. I dare say! (Turns away to JANE.)

JANE. So do I! I dare say!

PAT. Why, how could I love him and love you too?

BUN. Love me? I don't believe you know what love is!

PAT. (Sighing.) Yes I do. There was a happy time when I didn't, but a bitter experience has taught me.

## No. 4

## SONG—Patience.

PATIENCE

1. Love is a pleas - ure song,      Sing by a self - ling  
2. Ren - der - ing good for ill,      Suffer - ing at ex - cy

*Allegretto.*

PIANO

and,      Tell - ing a tale of wrong,      Tell - ing of hope he - tray'd,  
down,      Yield - ing your own self - will,      Laugh - ing your tear - drops down,

You'll to each chang - ing note,      See - ry when he is sad, . . .      Blind to his ex - cy  
No - ver a self - ish whim,      You - ble as you be - lieve, . . .      E - ver - ry - thing for

note,      How . . . ry when he is glad!      How . . . ry when he . . . is glad! . . .  
him,      No . . . thing at all for her!      No . . . thing at all . . . for her! . . .

*rall.*

*a tempo*

Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is al-ways new, That is the love that's  
 Love that will eye us down, Though the re-wards be few, That is the love that's

*p*

pen. . . . That is the love that's true! . . . Love that no wrong can cure,  
 pen. . . . That is the love that's true! . . . Love that will eye us down,

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Love that is al-ways new, | That is the love that's pen. That . . . . . is the  
 Though the re-wards be few, |

*mf* *f*

*ad lib.*  
 love. . . the love. . . that's true! . . . (Eliot PATTERSON, weeping.)

*cresc. marc.* *f*

BOS. Everything has gone wrong with me since that silly-  
 idiot came here. Before that I was admired—I may say,  
 level.

JANE. Too mild. Admired!

BOS. Do let a fellow soliloquize! The demons used to  
 follow me wherever I went; now they all follow him.

JANE. Not all! I am still faithful to you.

BOS. Yes, and a pretty damocles you are!



**JANE.** No, no penny—musick. Cheer up! I will never  
 leave you, I swear it!  
**BUS.** Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it's his confounded  
 middleton. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And  
 no doubt I am highly spiced.  
**JANE.** Not for my taste

**BUS.** (Sings.) No, but I am for theirs. But I can be as  
 mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I'll  
 meet this fellow on his own ground, and beat him on it.  
**JANE.** You shall; and I will help you.  
**BUS.** You will? Jane, there's a good deal of good in you  
 after all.

No. 5.

DUET—Jane & Bunthorne.

*Allgro vivace.*

**PIANO.**

**JANE.**  
 Let me go to him and say to him, with con- pi- ment i - am - i - cal-

**BUNTHORNE.**  
 and verse. Sing "Hey to you—good  
 they "Took to you—pooh,

**BUNTHORNE.**  
 and verse. I'll tell him that as - long he will con - sent to be more ju - a - lie--

"Your style is much too nice - ti - fast—your cut is too can -  
 day to you—and that's what I shall say!"

pooh to you—and that's what you should say!"

To cut his cut - by hair and stick an eye - glass in his

I was the love  
 Sing "Hail to you—hail hail to you"—and that's what I shall say  
 Sing "Hail to you—hail hail to you"—and that's what you should say  
 To and his son—

In - st of the wor - ld young an - the - ti - cal - To drink my la - ze - in - tem was re - gard - in - te -  
 in - fin - ful of qual - ity and of qual - ity, To dine on sheep and re - ly - fe - ly pad - ling with a -  
 in - ti - cal - In - ti you eat me out with your pla - si - di - ty a - me - ti - cal.  
 Sing "Hail to you—good  
 Sing "Hail to you—good  
 in - ti - ty - He'll let - us show a - way with all our - ve - ni - et - in - ti - di - ty.

peck to you—and that's what I shall say! Sing "Look to you—peck, peck to you—and that's what I shall  
 say to you—and that's what you should say!  
 Sing "Look to you—peck, peck to you—and that's what I shall

Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing "Hah to you—hah! hah! to you"—Sing  
 say! "Hey, Good day,  
 Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing "Hah to you—hah! hah! to you"—Sing  
 say! "Hey, Good day,  
*pp*

"Look to you—peck, peck to you"—And that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing  
 hah, hah! hah! Look, peck  
 "Look to you—peck, peck to you"—And that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing  
 hah, hah! hah! Look, peck  
*f* *pp*

"Bab to you—ha! ha! to you," Sing "Bab to you"—And that's what you should say! "Bab bab,"

pooh, Bab," And that's what I shall say! "Bab,

*crca* *f* *p*

*Highest notes and " scored thro.*

And that's what you should say! "Bab, bab," And that's what you should

bab," And that's what I shall say! "Bab, bab," And that's what I shall

*crca* *acc* *de* *f*

say!

(Enter JANE and BUSTONORR together.)

say!

*f*

(Enter DUKE, COLONEL, and MAJOR. They have abandoned their uniforms, and are dressed and made up in imitation of the attitude adopted by BURTONS and the Young Ladies in Act I.)

No. 6. TRIO—Duke, Major, & Colonel.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

DUKE.  
It's  
MAJOR.  
It's  
COLONEL.  
It's

clear that me - di - a - val ant a - lone re - tains its seat, To charm and please its  
 clear that me - di - a - val ant a - lone re - tains its seat, To charm and please its  
 clear that me - di - a - val ant a - lone re - tains its seat, To charm and please its

do - no-ten we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the  
do - no-ten we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the  
do - no-ten we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the

Ea - ly Eng - ish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of  
Ea - ly Eng - ish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of  
Ea - ly Eng - ish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

(ritardando), (all'rit.)  
thing. You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By  
thing. You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By  
thing. You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

(altitude).

look and crook you try to look both an - ge - lar and fat. We ven - ture to as -  
look and crook you try to look both an - ge - lar and fat. We ven - ture to as -  
look and crook you try to look both an - ge - lar and fat. We ven - ture to as -

- part That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of tree High Art, will  
- part That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of tree High Art, will  
- part That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of tree High Art, will

have its due of - set,  
have its due of - set,  
have its due of - set,  
*amply p*

ff

ff

ff

*p*

this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high As -

this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high As -

this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high As -

- the - tic twins like sea - son, sea - dy made. True twins as Me - di - a - ra - li - en,

- the - tic twins like sea - son, sea - dy made. True twins as Me - di - a - ra - li - en,

- the - tic twins like sea - son, sea - dy made. True twins as Me - di - a - ra - li - en,



Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

hook and crook you try to look both as - ge - lar and fat. To cul - ti - vate the

hook and crook you try to look both as - ge - lar and fat. To cul - ti - vate the

hook and crook you try to look both as - ge - lar and fat. To cul - ti - vate the

tin, Ri - gid - i - ty of flesh, You ought to get a Mar - i - a - nite, and  
 tin, Ri - gid - i - ty of flesh, You ought to get a Mar - i - a - nite, and  
 tin, R' - gid - i - ty of flesh, You ought to get a Mar - i - a - nite, and

from your style as him. (altitude).  
 from your style as him.  
 from your style as him.

*mp*

COL. (attitude.) Yes, it's quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as sensitive as they are.

MAJ. (attitude.) No doubt. The only question is how far we've succeeded in doing so. I don't know why, but I've an idea that this is not quite right.

DUKE (attitude.) I don't like it; I never did. I don't see what it means. I do it, but I don't like it.

COL. My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understood these things; we don't. Now, I shouldn't be surprised if this is effective enough—at a distance.

MAJ. I can't help thinking we're a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be "struck" so!

COL. I don't think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we're a little awkward at first, but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! 'Tension!

(They strike fresh attitudes in a group as ANU and SAPHIR enter.)

ANU. (Seeing them.) Oh, Saphir, see! see! The immortal fire has descended on them, and they are of the Lazer Brotherhood—perceptively intense and consummately stier.

(The officers have some difficulty in maintaining their constrained attitudes.)

SAPHIR. (As admiration.) How Romantic! How Fra Angelico! O Art! I thank thee for this boon!

COL. (Apologetically.) I'm afraid we're not quite right.

ANU. Not especially perhaps, but oh so all-but!—(To SAPHIR.) Oh, Saphir, are they not quite too all-but?

SAPH. They are indeed jolly nice.

MAJ. (As speech.) What do the Lazer He-cherished usually recommend for cramp?

COL. Ladies, we will not deceive you. We are doing this at some personal inconvenience, with a view of expressing the extremity of our devotion to you. We trust that it is not without its effect.

ANU. We will not deny that we are much moved by this proof of your attachment.

SAPH. Yes, your conversion to the principles of *Kathak* Art in its highest development has touched us deep—

ANU. And if Mr. Growmore should remain obtuse—

SAPH. Which we have every reason to believe he will—

MAJ. (Aside, in speech.) I wish they'd make haste.

ANU. We are not prepared to say that our yearning hearts

will not go out to you.

COL. (As giving a word of command.) By sections of three—*Rapture!* (All strike a fresh attitude, expressive of ecstatic rapture.)

SAPH. Oh, it's extremely good; for beginners it's admirable.

MAJ. The only question is, who will take who?

SAPH. Oh, the Duke chooses first, as a matter of course.

DUKE. Oh, I couldn't think of it; you are really too good!

COL. Nothing of the kind. You are a great matrimonial prize, and it's only fair that each of these ladies should have a chance of hooking you.

DUKE. Won't it be rather awkward?

COL. Awkward? not at all. Observe: suppose you choose Angela, I take Saphir, Major takes nobody. Suppose you choose

Saphir, Major takes Angela, I take nobody. Suppose you choose

neither, I take Angela, Major takes Saphir. Clear as day!

## No. 7. QUINTETTE—Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major, & Colonel.

The musical score is for a quintet. It consists of five staves. The first staff is for the Piano, with a tempo marking of *Allargando*. The second staff is for the Duke. The third, fourth, and fifth staves are for the vocalists: Angela, Saphir, and Major/Colonel. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The lyrics are: "I choose de-ter-mined, I shall be bound up for life. Then the Col-onel need not An-gy I de-ter-mined, Al-ways I shall be bound up for life. Dashed in all a-need not".

MAJOR, 1st verse

ter - ry, An - ge - la can be sta with in that case in - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sta - ple  
 or - mine, Ma - je - stas our take sta - ple!

COLONEL, 2nd verse

In that case in - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sta - ple

I shall live and die - I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -  
 I shall live and die - I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

SAPPHO. (All dancing.)

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA.

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE.

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR.

to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL.

and y, our

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!  
 and y, their

In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and  
 In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and  
 In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and  
 1. In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and  
 2. In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and  
 3. In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and  
 4. In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and

die— He will have to be con-stant - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con-  
 die— He will have to be con-stant - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con-  
 die— He will have to be con-stant - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con-  
 die— I shall have to be con-stant - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con-  
 die— He will have to be con-stant - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con-  
 die— I shall have to be con-stant - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con-

- test - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - test - ed With our  
 - test - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - test - ed With our  
 - test - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - test - ed With our  
 - test - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - test - ed With their  
 - test - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - test - ed With our  
 - test - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - test - ed With their

heart - felt sym - pa - thy!  
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy!  
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy!  
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy!  
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUET (singing ANTONIA)

Al - to

The first system of the duet features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

come de - late in ter - rest, If we can - then I de - cide, In - stead then can take the

The second system continues the duet with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

(singing NAPHIN to COLOSSEL, and ANTONIA to 3)

Call - tal, An - gy be the Ma - jor's bride! In that case an - you - as - sent - ed, Be - gin

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with some longer note values in the right hand.

I need live and die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt eye - pe -

*rall.*

*cello voce.*

The fourth system concludes the duet. The vocal line ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment includes a *rall.* marking and a *cello voce.* instruction. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with some longer note values in the right hand.

*a tempo*  
SAROK (all dancing as before).

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANONKA.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy, *p* to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COONKA.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

*a tempo*

In that case we pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case we pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case we pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and

In that case we pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case we pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and



He will have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will  
 have to be con-stant-ed With their heart-felt sym-pa-thy! I shall  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy!

have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will have to be con-stant-ed With our  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will have to be con-stant-ed With our  
 have to be con-stant-ed With their heart-felt sym-pa-thy! I shall have to be con-stant-ed With their  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will have to be con-stant-ed With our  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will have to be con-stant-ed With our  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy! He will have to be con-stant-ed With our  
 have to be con-stant-ed With our heart-felt sym-pa-thy!

heart - hit you - pa - thy!

heart - hit you - pa - thy! (All the end, DUKE, COLONEL, and MAJOR and two girls dance off arm in arm.)

heart - hit you - pa - thy!

heart - hit you - pa - thy!

heart - hit you - pa - thy!

heart - hit you - pa - thy!

(*Enter GROSVEGOR.*)

GROS. It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at nature upon those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (*Standing on bank of lake, and looking at his reflection in the water.*) Ah! I am a very Narcissus!

(*Enter BURTHORNE, suddenly. His hair now resembles GROSVEGOR'S—that is to say, it is long instead of being bushy—and he has shaved his moustache.*)

BUR. It's no use; I can't live without admiration. Since Grosvegor came here insipidity has been at a premium. I will show the world that I can be as insipid as he. Ah, he is there!

GROS. Ah, Burthorne! Come here; look! Is it not beautiful?

(*BURTHORNE also reclines behind lake, so that the actions of both are reflected in water.*)

BUR. (*Looking in lake.*) Which?

GROS. Mine.

BUR. Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

GROS. And what is ails?

BUR. Never since you came here you have entirely monopolized the attentions of the young ladies. I don't like it, sir.

GROS. My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr. Burthorne, with your personal disadvantages you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being studiously loved, at first sight.

BUR. Sir, until you came here I was adored.

GROS. Exactly—until I came here. That's my grievance; I cut everybody out! I assure you if you could only suggest some means whereby, consistently with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

(*Both rise and come down.*)

BUR. I will do so at once. You may be surprised to hear it, but, however popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to me.

GROS. It is? (*Shaking his head.*) Oh, thank you! thank you! How can I express my gratitude?

BUR. By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter of fact. You must cut your hair. In appearance and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

GROS. (*Awkwardly.*) No. Pardon me, that's impossible.

BUR. Take care. When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

GROS. I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

BUR. I don't think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

GROS. I don't care what they are.

BUR. Suppose—I won't go so far as to say that I will do it—but suppose, for one moment, I were to curse you? (*GROSVEGOR gasps.*) Ah! Very well. Take care!

GROS. But surely you would never do that? (*In great alarm.*)

BUR. I don't know. It would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still—

GROS. (*Wildly.*) But you would not do it—I am sure you would not. (*Throwing himself at BURTHORNE'S knees, and clasping his arms.*) Oh, reflect! reflect! You had a mother once?

BUR. Never!

GROS. Then you had an aunt? (*BURTHORNE glistens.*) Ah! I see you had. By the memory of that aunt I implore you to pass on ere you resort to this last fearful expedient! Oh, Mr. Burthorne, reflect! reflect! (*Weeping.*)

BUR. (*Aside, after a struggle with himself.*) I must not allow myself to be unreasoned! (*Aloud.*) It is useless. Consent at once, or may a nephew's curse—

GROS. Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?

BUR. Absolutely!

GROS. Will nothing shake you?

BUR. Nothing. I am adamant!

GROS. Very good. (*Living.*) Then I yield; I will comply with your wishes.

BUR. Ha! You swear it?

GROS. I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last; I do it on compulsion!

BUR. Victory! I triumph!

## No. 8.

## DUET—Bunthorne &amp; Grosvenor.

BUNTHORNE.

When I go out of door, A

Piano.

p piano.

da - mo - nia a score, (All sigh - ing and low - ing, And clug - lug and yowling) Will fol - low me as be -

lec. I - shall, with out - teed tate, De - tin - gish your from pane, And "High - do - do - do - do" Will

GROSVENOR.

A most in - ter - est - ing man, A

rank as an i - dyll, If I pre - fer - ence to char - it! A most in - ter - est - ing man, A

red - dented young man, An al-tu-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-an-thro-pi-cal, Out of the way young man! Can -  
 red - dented young man, An al-tu-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-an-thro-pi-cal, Out of the way young man!

- sure me, if you can, An ev-'ry-day young man: A com-plex-plate-type, With a

stick and a pipe, And a half - bred black - and - tea, Who 'dinks seh - so - lica "hops," Here

See this "Moo - day Pope," Who's lord of his dis - ses, And dem - o'st' ge thie - ses On

GRÖÖVENOR.

bot - led low and cheap. A com - mon - place young man— A

ВУСТАВКЕ.

A com - mon - place young man— A

mat - ter - of - fact young man— A ste - dy and ste - dy - y, jet - ty Bank - ho - li - day, Ev - e - ry - day young

mat - ter - of - fact young man— A ste - dy and ste - dy - y, jet - ty Bank - ho - li - day, Ev - e - ry - day young

man!

(Dancing.)

man! A Ja - pa - nese young man— \ blue and white young man— Fax -

## Goon. (Dancing.)

ten - ta di Ki - ma - si, ee - wa - ty, prin - i - ty, To - no - no - pool young man. A 'Chance - ry Lane young

man - A 'Sun - re - set Home young man, - A ve - ry de - lac - ta - ble, high - ly as - spec - ta - ble

## Bun. (Dancing.)

Ther - pes - ry - bus young man! A pel - lid and this young man - A hap - ported lark young man - A.

## Goon. (Dancing.)

i given - e - ry - yal - le - ry, Goon - re - nor Gal - le - ry, Feet - is - the - grave young man! A 'Sow - ell and Chew young

man - A 'Hew - ell and James young man - A pub - lic young per - ti - do - what's the man or ti - do -

NOTE.—'Chance - ry Lane' is where the 'Magery' offices are located in London. 'Hew - ell and James' is the Government office. 'Sow - ell and Chew' are simply clerks connected to them here, which we have dry - goods manufacturers.

## GROUVEROS.

\*We - ter - lee Hooze young man!      Cee - calve mee, if you see,      A mast - ter - of - fact young  
 \*We - ter - lee Hooze young man!      Cee - calve mee, if you see,      A crotch - et - ty, cack'd young

man,      An al - pha - be - ti - cal,      a - sikh - me - ti - cal,      Er - er - y - day young man!      Cee -  
 man,      An al - ta - po - e - ti - cal,      an - per - as - the - ti - cal,      Out - of - the - way young man!      Cee -

calve mee, if you see,      A mast - ter - of - fact young man,      An  
 calve mee, if you see,      A crotch - et - ty, cack'd young man,      An

## GROUVEROS FINISSEZ: ВУЛТОНЖА РЕМОИЪ.)

al - pha - be - ti - cal,      a - sikh - me - ti - cal,      Er - er - y - day,      young man!  
 al - ta - po - e - ti - cal,      an - per - as - the - ti - cal,      out - of - the - way      young man!



STU. It is all right! I have committed my last act of ill-  
 nature, and henceforth I'm a reformed character. (*Dances long as I do*  
*about stage, humming refrain of last air.*)

*Enter PATIENCE. She goss in astonishment at Stu.*

PAT. Reginald! Dancing! And— What is the world  
 to the matter with you?

STU. Patience, I'm a changed man. Hitherto I've been  
 gloomy, moody, fickle—uncertain in temper and selfish in dis-  
 position.

PAT. You have indeed! (*Sighing.*)

STU. All that is changed. I have reformed. I have mod-  
 elled myself upon Mr. Grosvenor. Henceforth I am mildly  
 cheerful. My conversation will blend amusement with instruc-  
 tion. I shall still be æsthetic, but my æstheticism will be of the  
 most pastoral kind.

PAT. Oh, Reginald! Is all this true?

STU. Quite true. Observe how amiable I am. (*Answering*  
*her smile.*)

PAT. But, Reginald, how long will this last?

STU. With occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, as  
 long as I do.

PAT. Oh, Reginald, I'm so happy! (*In his arms.*) Oh dear,  
 dear Reginald! I cannot express the joy I feel at this change.  
 It will no longer be a duty to love you, but a pleasure, a rap-  
 ture, an ecstasy!

STU. My darling!

PAT. But— Oh, horror! (*Rising from him.*)

STU. What's the matter?

PAT. Is it quite certain that you have absolutely reformed—  
 that you are henceforth a perfect being, utterly free from defect  
 of any kind?

STU. It is quite certain. I have sworn it!

PAT. Then I never can be yours!

STU. Why not?

PAT. Love to be pure, must be absolutely unselfish, and  
 there can be nothing unselfish in loving so perfect a being as  
 you have now become!

STU. But stop a bit! I don't want to reform—I'll relax—  
 I'll be as I was—

PAT. No; love should purify—it should never debase.

STU. But I assure you, I— Interrupted!

*(Enter GROSVENOR, followed by all the young ladies, who are fol-  
 lowed by chorus of Dragoons. He has had his hair cut, and  
 is dressed in an ordinary suit of dimes and a put hat. The  
 young ladies wear modern dresses. They all smile cheerfully  
 round the stage, in marked contrast to their former language.)*

## No. 9. Grosvenor & Chorus of Maidens.

The musical score is for a piece titled "No. 9. Grosvenor & Chorus of Maidens." It is written for Piano and includes a Flute part. The piano part has a "p" (piano) dynamic marking. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the Flute and Piano parts. The second system shows the Piano part. The music is a simple, rhythmic melody.



GEMINOS,  
Fin.

第一套 第一套： 第一套 第一套：

Wa - ter - too House young man. A Sew - el and Cross young man, A sea - ty and so - lid - y.

CHORUS OF MAIDS.

joy - ly Wash - be - b - dy, En - o - ty day young man. We're Sew - el and Wash young

gals, We're Ma-jestic Lon-ly young gals, We're just a - ly just - as - as,

she - is - ly that - we - are, Ev - er - y - day young gals.

BUN. Anguish! Ella! Sappir! What—what does this mean?  
 ANO. It means that Archibald the All Right cannot be your fine figure of a woman; wrong; and if the All Right chooses to discard aesthetics, it means that aesthetics ought to be discarded.

PAG. Oh, Archibald! Archibald! I'm shocked! surprised! horrified!

GRON. I can't help it; I'm not a free agent. I do it on compulsion.

PAT. This is terrible. Go! I shall never set eyes on you again. But— Oh joy!

GRON. What is the matter?

PAT. Is it quite, quite certain that you will always be a commonplace young man?

GRON. Always! I've sworn it.

PAT. Why, then, there's nothing to prevent my loving you with all the fervor at my command!

GRON. Why, that's true.

PAT. My Archibald!

GRON. My Patience! (They embrace.)

BUN. Crashed again.

BUN. Thank you, Jane. After all, there is no denying it, you're a fine figure of a woman!

JANE. My Reginald!

BUN. My Jane! (Embrace.)

(Flourish. Enter COLONEL, DUKE, and MAJOR.)

COL. Ladies, I have great and glorious news for you. The Duke has at length determined to select a bride. (General excitement.)

DUKE. I have a great gift to bestow. Approach, each of you so are truly lovely. (All come forward hesitantly except JANE and PATIENCE.) In personal beauty you have all that is necessary to make a woman happy. In common fairness, I think I ought to choose the only one among you who has the misfortune to be distinctly plain. (Girls retire disappointed; JANE.)

JANE. (Leaving BUNBURNER'S arms Duke!) (JANE and DUKE embrace. BUNBURNER is utterly miserable.)

BUN. Crashed again.

FINALE.

DUKE. After much debate internal  
 I on Lady Jane decide;  
 Sappir now can take the Colonel,  
 Any to be the Major's bride.

JANE. (who is still ecstatic). Cheer up! I am still here. I have never left you, and I never will!

(Enter JANE.)

NOTE.—DRESS & WALK and BALANCE LEARN on large military establishments.

## No. 10.

## FINALE.

*Allegretto*

PIANO.

DUET.

Al - so

much de - sires in - ter - val, I see La - dy Jane de - cide, Sin - gler now may take the

DUET-TROUS.

Col - 'nel, An - ge to the Ma - jor's side! In that case we pre - ce - ded - ed, Sin - gle

I must live and die, shall have to be con - sent - ed With, he - re - at

SARITA.  
He will have to be con-stant - ed With a to - lip or li - ty!

ANGELA.  
He will have to be con-stant - ed With a to - lip or li - ty!

DUKE.  
He will have to be con-stant - ed With a to - lip or li - ty!

BUNTHORNS.  
He will have to be con-stant - ed With a to - lip or li - ty!

COLONEL.  
He will have to be con-stant - ed With a to - lip or li - ty!

In that case we - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

In that case we - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

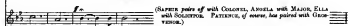
In that case we - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

In that case we - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I must live and

In that case we - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

do, He will have to be con-tent - ed With a to - lip or a - / Great - ly pleased with one an -  
do, He will have to be con-tent - ed With a to - lip or a - / Great - ly pleased with one an -  
do, He will have to be con-tent - ed With a to - lip or a - / Great - ly pleased with one an -  
do, I shall have to be con-tent - ed With a to - lip or a - / Great - ly pleased with one an -  
do, He will have to be con-tent - ed With a to - lip or a - / Great - ly pleased with one an -

o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of us will wed the o - ther, No - be -  
o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of us will wed the o - ther, No - be -  
o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of us will wed the o - ther, No - be -  
o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of us will wed the o - ther, No - be -  
o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of us will wed the o - ther, No - be -



(RAPHER pairs off with COLONEL, ANGELA with MAJOR, ELLA with SOLDIERS. PATIENCE, of course, has paired with GEORGE.)

HER. Is that case unrepresented,  
Single I must live and die;  
I shall have to be contented  
With a tulip or lily.



(Takes a lily from buttonhole and passes affectionately to it.)

ALL. He will have to be contented,  
With a tulip or lily?



ALL. Gladly pleased with one another,  
To get married we decide!  
Each of us will wed the other,  
Nobody be Buntline's bride!



GENERAL DANCE.

CURTAIN.

